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The Voice, the Ear and Music.*

III. THE HUMAN VOICE.

At last we come to the instrument *par excellence*, the Human Voice. Its study has been singularly facilitated by the laryngian mirror, or *laryngoscope*, an instrument perfected and brought into common use by a physiologist, M. Czermak. This little apparatus allows one to see with ease in the back part of the mouth, and to perceive the vibrations which accompany the word. The vocal ligaments act after the manner of two membranous lips which, closing and opening rapidly, produce a sound; the resonant chamber of the mouth merely swells the notes sung by the larynx. This reed of the larynx, having a marvellous contractility, has over that of ordinary instruments the advantage of being able to give an immense variety of sounds. The discontinuous movement of a reed, shutting and opening alternately the passage of the air, lends itself in a very special manner to the development of harmonics (overtones); and in the piercing sound of a freely vibrating metallic reed, the ear armed with *resonators* can discern as many as twenty of them. A fine human voice is incredibly rich in overtones. The sound and *timbre* of a reed instrument are necessarily modified by the column of air to which the movements of the little tongue communicate themselves. This mass of air acts like a veritable resonator, which swells certain notes of the reed to the injury of others. The human voice, then, must be considered as a reed of variable pitch, completed by a resonator of variable resonance. The *glottis* is the reed, the mouth the resonator. It is impossible to imagine a more ingenious apparatus, or one better showing how the works of life always surpass and humble those of human industry. While the quivering glottis sings upon all the tones of the musical scale, the mouth and tongue in a docile way contract, expand, hollow and mould themselves, so as to make the overtones resound unequally, and thus give the most different timbres to the total sound. To these timbres, otherwise quite distinct from those obtained by the various artifices of the same musical instrument, we give the name of *vowels*. Such a choir of harmonics is *a*, another *o*, a third is *i*; the diphthongs, which allow us to pass from one vowel to another by infinite gradations, are only intermediate combinations.

This theory of the vowels, which was first proposed by the English physicist, Wheatstone, and which Helmholtz has placed beyond dispute, presents at first sight a singularity which seems to clash with reason. That is because the human voice is, of all sounds, the one which we are least in the habit of analyzing. It never occurs to the mind to consider an emission of the voice as other than a *simple* thing; we are too much accustomed to hear it with other preoccupations than we do ordinary sounds; for us, the voice has a

symbolical, a representative value, an expression, which disguises for us the purely material nature of it. Thus, in spite of the extreme harmonic complexity of the human voice, it eludes analysis more than the sounds of any other instrument, and artificial resonators are here particularly necessary. The richness of the voice, it is easily understood, depends on the state of the glottis, and above all on the more or less hermetical closing of that orifice. The slightest cold irritates the lips of the reed and impairs the quality of the sounds. To a glottis which closes badly, corresponds a hollow, dull, poor voice; when the vocal ligaments jostle and beat against each other, the timbre becomes hard and harsh. An infinitely little difference makes those enchanting voices, to whose victorious charm we owe such keen enjoyment.

At the moment when the voice has birth upon the trembling lips of the glottis, it is composed of a series of vibrations adjusted to a long series of harmonics. If nothing modified it, the upper notes would gradually diminish in intensity as they grew more remote from the fundamental tone; and that in fact is just about what happens when one sings with the mouth wide open, and when, consequently, the buccal resonator acts with the least efficacy. But when one diminishes the orifice of this resonator, and modifies the form of it, whether by the aid of the lips or of the tongue, a veritable selection is produced among the overtones; those whose vibrations can accord with the new dimensions of the resonator assert themselves strongly, the others are smothered; and it is thus that the timbre of the voice is modified. M. Jourdain's professor of philosophy was not so great a fool when he learnedly explained to his astonished pupil in what way to move the mouth and tongue in order to pronounce the different vowels.

It is not difficult to discover what are the vibrations adapted to the human resonator in the different forms which it can take; and it was important to ascertain this in order to know what are the notes which give (if I may use the word) the color to the different vowels. Hold a tuning fork in vibration before the mouth, and it will resound more loudly when the buccal vibration is in accord with its own. By the aid of a series of tuned forks, Helmholtz has been able thus to seek the favorite notes of the buccal resonator. His delicate experiments yield this result: that, for each vowel, for each diphthong, there are in the musical scale certain privileged notes which give the sound its specific color and full value. Without employing the artifice of tuning forks, which reveal the buccal notes so well, hear simply some one sing the gamut upon different vowels, and you will be surprised to find, in the same voice, sometimes such beautiful sonority, sometimes such meagreness and such a veiled quality. To make the utmost of the vocal instrument, one should sing only certain notes on certain vowels.

As a general rule, one would reserve syllables

with *ou* (English *oo*) and *o* for bass voices, and syllables with *a* (as in *father*), *e*, and *u* (English sounds) for sopranos. Who has not remarked that, when a singer descends to her lowest note the sound of her voice turns perforce to the *oo*. It is that hollow accent which gives a particular expression to the voice called *contralto*. The fine soprano voices delight in the sounds *ah*, *e*, *o*; that is why the Italian tongue, so rich in terminations of this sort, lends a particular charm to these voices. All singers know by experience the affinity of certain vowels for certain notes and know how to make the most of it upon occasion.

If this theory is exact, it is obvious that one may undertake the artificial reproduction of the vowels. This attempt had been already made by an English physicist, Willis. Taking a reed pipe of an organ of which he could vary the length, he drew from it successively, by elongating the vibrating column of air, the sounds of *e*, of *a*, of *ah*, of *o*, of *oo*; but in this experiment he did not make the true synthesis of the vowels, he only obtained effects of variable resonance upon the very complex sound emitted by the tongue of the reed. Helmholtz has effected that synthesis by variously mingling simple sounds, disengaged from harmonics. We have already said that tuning forks furnish the best means for obtaining notes of this kind. The first apparatus constructed by Helmholtz bore eight forks tuned according to the note *B flat* (very low, corresponding to 120 vibrations in a second) and the seven first harmonics of that note. Before each tuning fork is placed a cylindrical sounding box tuned to the note, and which opens and shuts rapidly by the aid of a movable lid: the seven lids are set in motion, like the hammers of a piano, by the play of the fingers on a keyboard. On this piano of eight notes of Helmholtz, where tuning forks take the place of strings, every time that a given key is pressed down, the corresponding resonator opens, and the vibrations of the fork, dull and smothered till now, swell forth and make a simple note heard. The eight forks are kept constantly in vibration, because each of them is placed between the two poles of an electro-magnet, which is magnetized and demagnetized 120 times per second.

Here then we have the eight harmonic tuning forks in motion: their vibrations remain mute so long as the keys of the keyboard remain at rest; but so soon as you press them, the resonators are uncovered and the notes are heard. They may thus be combined in every way. In playing upon this singular instrument, one becomes assured that the different minglings of harmonics engender different vowels. The difference of timbres is particularly sensible at the moments when the fingers change their place, and in passing from one composite sound to another. With his eight tuning forks, Helmholtz has obtained all the neighbor sounds of what may be termed the grave vowels, *oo*, *o*, *eu*. The first fork of the series, singing alone, gave a dull, hollow *oo*, much

* Translated for this Journal from "*La Voix, L'Oreille et la Musique*." PAR AUGUSTE LAUGEL. Paris, 1867.

more smothered than the voice would give; by pressing the succeeding keys, the sound would mount to *a*; to obtain something analogous to *ah*, it was necessary to remain in the upper notes of the keyboard. In a second apparatus, very similar otherwise to the one we have just described, Helmholtz added four more acute harmonics to the preceding, and was thus enabled to rise freely to the *ah* and the *a*; the *e* still escaped him, because the particular timbre of this vowel is due to a super-acute overtone which the current does not cause to vibrate with sufficient force. The problem of the synthesis of the vowels was none the less resolved in principle. Its details henceforth only concern the constructors of scientific apparatus; but no one of our great scientific establishments has yet constructed a piano of the vowels, and it is obvious that a physicist is not often in a condition to make such costly machines for himself.

There is no need to believe that Helmholtz has constructed his tuning-fork pianos (*pianos à diapasons*) for the vain pleasure of imitating the human voice, and of eliciting vowels from an instrument of wood and metal. His experiments were undertaken purely to verify the conjecture, whether the *timbre* depends solely on the mixture of overtones, and whether, as has been hitherto believed, the form, the geometry of vibrations has some influence on the quality of sound. I have distinguished, in a sonorous undulation, the height of the wave, which represents the intensity; the length of the wave, which represents the tonality or pitch; finally the form of the undulatory curve. I have said that every vibration may always be considered as the mingling, the superposition of elementary vibrations; that is to say, that every sound can be decomposed into simple harmonic notes. But different simple vibrations may be combined in an infinite variety of ways, because it is not necessary to suppose that they all begin at the same moment; they may impress, then, upon the vibrating molecule the greatest variety of resultant movements. For all that, will the total sound be modified? Not the least in the world.

Here is what the piano of Helmholtz permits us to verify: The mathematical theory in fact demonstrates that, in closing more or less the resonators, or indeed in bringing them more or less near to the tuning forks, we modify the *phases* of the sonorous vibrations; that is to say, if in a commingling of waves we vary these elements, then we at will displace these waves relatively to one another. These displacements have a direct influence upon the resultant movement of each material molecule; they have not any upon the timbre of the sound composed by the superadded waves.

So far, then, from the timbre of a sound depending on the form of the little curve described by each vibrating molecule, we may affirm, on the contrary, that there is an infinite variety of curves responding to the same timbre, in fact all those which spring from the same periodical impulsions, whatever may be the order in which they succeed each other.

Ferdinand Hiller to Rossini.

(From the *Kölnische Zeitung*.)

And so you have left us, poor dear Maestro, you, so fond of life, and so spoilt! gone from your joyous world of Paris, of which you had taken possession, just as, in the good old times, a prince

took possession of his inheritance. You have been snatched from so many that it is not astonishing if each individual is less painfully affected at your decease than he otherwise would have been—for men like to have even their own special sorrow. There is scarcely one newspaper reader in the whole civilized world, who, on seeing the report of your death, will not have exclaimed: Oh! how sorry I am!

The world does not like to render any one famous, but if a man, despite all obstacles, no matter what, has fought his way upward, and made his name a name of note, the world looks with a certain feeling of satisfaction on him. If, however, as was your case, the combat occurred so long ago as to belong to history, if a man requires scarcely anything more from the Present, neither attention, nor recompense for new creations, nor marks of distinction for himself personally, or for his works, more honors are showered upon him than he can well bear. How many generations received your name as a word forming part and parcel of their mother-tongue, and admired you, before they had a notion of what your productions were! And then they became acquainted with the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, who for the last half-century has been not merely the "factotum della città," but of all the opera-houses in the world. While, too, they were delighted with the melodies with which their fathers had grown up, they heard that the creator of those melodies was still alive and merry—that he had a friendly welcome for all who sought him out; that he launched forth the most admirable and the most humorous repartees, and, in his uncommon position, did not wish to be anything more (what people call more) or anything else than a musician. The world grew enthusiastic for such a being—and rightly for he was amiable and extraordinary.

In the whole history of art is there a career like yours, cherished Maestro? I doubt it. We find, it is true, geniuses who, like you, required only a few years to declare themselves—but their last works filled up their last days. Or they were men who, up to the most advanced age, were as insatiable in producing as the most fanatic martyr is in suffering. But you gave hardly twenty years of your existence to musical art, while you gave about forty to the art of life. Twenty years of sharp struggles and fabulous success—and then you hid yourself from the sun of your own genius, and allowed the days to glide by in the pleasant shade of your fame. Your art became for you a merry joke; you acted towards it as a man does with his little grandchild, as the hospitable rich do with good society. Some esteemed, and others blamed you for this line of conduct, but no one was able to explain it, and you probably never disclosed the real motive of it. As a prudent conqueror in the realm of tune, you do not wish, said your friends, to imperil by fresh hostilities the crown you owed to your former victories. Perhaps this was so! but it is not likely! I am afraid that you drank too deeply of the spring called popular favor—and you could not escape a little feeling of seediness.

But I am far from presuming to say that I have penetrated your motive. The most unimportant man is so complicated a machine that the Eternal machine-manufacturer alone can understand its inward machinery. Who, then, could comprehend so wonderfully organized a being as you were. What contradictions were united in you! The old Italian joy at the Beautiful, and the scepticism of the eighteenth century; the desire for the most exquisite enjoyment life affords, and the simplicity of a child of the people; and the cordial *bonhomie* and the most wanton love of railery. But the Graces were your constant companions; they encompassed everything you did, and most loveable of all the daughters of heaven, surround their favorites with a brightness more pleasing than the halo of the saints.

The history of civilization will have to record the almost mythical state of intoxication in which your songs plunged men, while the history of music more especially will have to speak of your genius, as well as of the direction it took and the influence it exercised; the journals of the day will, for the hundredth time, collect the names of

your works with the dates of their production and the success they achieved, and will, one and all, not fail to indulge in æsthetic dissertations. I have no intention of this kind, as I jot down these hasty lines. I would speak only of the gap which your demise leaves among us. Or does Paris, great and rich as she is, contain another spot like your little bedroom, with its piano, and its piles of music heaped one upon the other, and its cosy state of disorder? A spot where an artist found, at almost every hour of the day, the most hearty welcome, and the most charming chit-chat, and the most interesting people, and sympathy devoid of the slightest hypocrisy? Or a man on whom a visitor never intruded, for you had always time, and were always good-humored, merely requiring, for all the intellectual enjoyment you afforded, that your visitor should take his seat now and then as a guest at your table. And when, in addition to the benefits which, in the strictest sense of the word, were offered to thousands, is added the recollection ever present, of the kind and friendly feeling you manifested towards me as a boy, and retained towards me, as a youth and a man, for a long series of years, I may well be allowed to yield to the want I experience of giving utterance to sentiments of the deepest gratitude.

Farewell, then, beloved Maestro! If the number of delights in store for you on the other side the grave is equal to the happy hours you have afforded millions of men upon earth, an eternity of bliss will be yours. FERNANDO.

Rossini's Funeral.

The following account of the mournful ceremonial is from an eye-witness:—

The funeral of Rossini was solemnized this day. It was at first intended that the religious service should be celebrated at the Madeleine, but, in consequence of a ceremony having been previously fixed for the same hour, that arrangement was changed and the service was performed in the new Church of the Trinity, at the end of the *Chaussée d'Antin*. Special invitations had been sent out, with the usual addition that the deceased had received the sacraments of the Church. Twelve o'clock was the hour appointed, but the crowd began to arrive at 10, and soon filled all the approaches to the church so densely that, but for the intervention of numerous *sergens-de-ville*, it would have been impossible for those who had tickets to enter. The great gate was hung in black; and in the interior a catafalque stood in the centre of the nave, facing the high altar. The galleries were reserved for ladies, and the whole attendance could not have been less than four thousand. A little after twelve the rolling of muffled drums announced the approach of the hearse, which was followed from the Madeleine, where the body had been temporarily deposited, by the deputation from Pesaro and the intimate friends of Rossini. While the coffin was taken from the hearse and laid in the catafalque, the great organ played the "Ténèbres," from the *Semiramide*. The mass opened with a chorus of Jomelli, executed by the pupils of the Conservatoire and the vocal celebrities of Paris. The *morceaux* selected for the occasion were in the following order:—"The *Dies Ira*"—the solos performed by Mmes. Nilsson and Block, and MM. Gardoni and Tamburini. The "Liber Scriptus," adapted to the music of the "Quis est Homo?" of the *Stabat*—Rossini's *Stabat*—sung by Alboni and Patti. The "Lacrymosa" of Mozart's *Requiem*, by the choir. At the offertory, "Vidit Snum," from the *Stabat* of Pergolesi, by Mlle. Nilsson. At the Elevation, "Pie Jesu," adapted to the *quatuor* "Quando Corpus" of Rossini's *Stabat*, by Mmes. Kraus, Grossi, and MM. Nicolini and Agnès. The "Agnus Dei," adapted to the *Prière de Moïse* (Rossini), sole soprano by Alboni and Patti; and the bass solos by MM. Bonneau, Cams, and Belvel; and the "Pro Peccatis," from Rossini's *Stabat*, was sung by M. Faure. Nothing could give an idea of the impression produced on the assembly by such music, interpreted by such artists. The *duo* of the *Stabat* by Alboni and Patti was given with such deep pathos that several persons could not help melting in tears. Never did Alboni—the illustrious pupil of so illustrious a master—sing with more beauty and more effect.

It was past 2 o'clock when the service was over. The *cortège* formed after a good deal of delay, owing to the crowd in front of the church. It proceeded slowly up the *Chaussée d'Antin*, the windows of the houses on both sides being filled with spectators, and

issued out on the Boulevards. The pall-bearers were M. Nigra, the Italian Minister; M. Cerutti, Consul-General of Italy; M. Camille Doucet, head of the Administration of the Theatres; and M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer of *Hamlet*. The Emperor was represented by M. de la Ferrière, one of his Chamberlains, who followed in one of the Court carriages. M. Vaillant, Minister of the Imperial Household and of the department of Fine Arts, was also present. Indeed, the list of celebrities in all departments who paid their last tribute to Rossini would fill a column. The deputation from Pesaro preceded all the musical corporations in the procession. On the coffin was deposited a crown formed of laurel and gold. It was past four when the *cortège* reached the cemetery, where, after the remains were laid in the ground, discourses were pronounced by M. Mamiani in the name of the Italian deputation, and by MM. Camille Doucet, Ambroise Thomas, St. George, and others.

Another spectator dwells more particularly upon what took place in the church. He says:—

The interior of the church is magnificent, with great space, unadorned architectural beauty, some of the best painted windows in Paris, and splendid organs. The centre of the building, from the door to the altar, was kept by two files of the 51st of the Line, who, being in heavy marching order, knapsacks, &c., took up a great deal of space, and also at times interfered with the harmony of the service by "grounding arms," "presenting arms," and "kneeling" at "words of command," which, by chance, were always given in a loud voice in the midst of a solo. Ladies were sent to lateral chapels, the body of the church being reserved for the men. The doors were—very unnecessarily—kept closed till eleven. It was a cold, nay, a bitter day, and a long train of ladies, many of them in *demi-toilet*, were kept perishing for hours. Five minutes after eleven there was not a seat, in twenty minutes there was not standing room. I should say there were present at least 4,500 people. There was no ornament, nor were men forced to go in evening dress and mourning, which would have made the scene more striking. I shall make no attempt to tell you who were present. It is shorter to say that every celebrity in France was there. The Emperor was represented by Vicomte de Laferrière, in his uniform as First Chamberlain; Cavaliere Nigra, and all the Italian Embassy, were there in full uniform, and all their "orders," to represent Italy. Auber was there, Ambroise Thomas—the "Institut," the "Académie," the Italian "Delegates"—all the art and science, and most of the beauty of Paris. I have never in France seen in one assembly so many pretty faces. The chorus, was at the extreme end of the church; the solo singers over the entrance. The music was admirable.

It is a very long time since, if ever, I heard any thing so splendid as the music. Every singer seemed inspired. Nilsson—who had sung *Hamlet* on Friday night—was wonderful; but of course the duet between Alboni and Patti was the gem; and the grand, round, melodious voice of Alboni never came forth in greater majesty. The effect was electric, and scores of women and men were weeping. Mme. Alboni was very much affected, and wept before she began the favorite air of her old friend. Gardoni, too, was in grand voice. "That's Gardoni!" said a friend of mine, who had not heard him for years, and to-day could not see him. In a word, all sang splendidly. The ceremony was in itself nothing. A coffin, absolutely covered with medals and crosses, Parma violets—Rossini's favorite flower—and wreaths of ivy, was carried into the church before the mass; and, after it, was taken with great pomp to Père la Chaise. All Paris lined the road to the last resting-place of the "Swan of Pesaro," and then all was over. And so was celebrated, far from the land of his birth, the funeral of the greatest composer of the day. His own splendid melody was splendidly sung over his grave, and he may be said to have been watted away in a cloud of his own harmony. *Requiescat in Pace!*

Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

[The interest in Rossini, now that he is gone, justifies our reprinting more or less of these conversations, which we translated in full for this Journal in 1855.]

I had been first introduced to Rossini, when as a very young man I came to Paris. There as well as afterwards in Milan I have seen very much of him, and he has everywhere and always shown himself in the highest degree kindly disposed and full of sympathy to me. During the two or three weeks I spent

in Trouville, I passed the greatest part of the time in his society. We walked for hours together up and down the little terrace by the sea-side, and this lounging at the most was interrupted only now and then to take part in a game of Domino. Even in this serious play the conversation hardly ceased and Rossini was as inexhaustible in his communications, as he was insatiable in his inquiries about facts and persons of whom I could give him any information. Although I only a few times came to the point of making music, owing to the want of a good instrument, yet music and musicians furnished the principal matter of our conversation. Rossini's memory is, as I have before remarked, uncommonly strong; his knowledge of the most various kinds of works and composers much greater than most German musicians would suppose; his judgment from of old has seemed to me sharp, intelligent and impartial; he knows how to enter into everything and be just to all. That he has seen, heard and experienced infinitely much that is interesting, is natural in a career like his. I believe I shall be giving pleasure to many artists and friends of music, if I sketch down upon paper, while it is still floating fresh before me, what has particularly interested me and edified me in the communications of Rossini. I shall be pardoned if I introduce myself, although as little as possible, as a party to the conversation. They were no lectures that the maestro delivered to me; one word gave the other; and the unrestrained, aphoristic, discursive chit-chat I can only render in the same form, unless it is to become an altogether formless medley. For one thing I pledge my word, and that is the main matter, namely that I have put nothing essential of my own invention into the mouth of the maestro.

—These journalists! exclaimed Rossini, one day. Here has one of them been printing how, when I left Paris recently, I manifested almost as great an aversion to the railroad as to German music! What do they mean by that?

—That you would travel a great deal by railroad, dear maestro, was that true, I answered.

—Not only do I love the great German masters; I have made them my especial study in my earliest youth, and have let no opportunity go by to learn to know them more and more. How much delight you have already afforded me through the performance of Bach's compositions!

—I have never played his noble piano pieces with more pleasure, than when I was able to play them before you.

—What a colossal nature, this Bach! In such a style to write this mass of compositions! It is incomprehensible. What to others was hard, nay, impossible, was mere play to him. How is it about that fine edition of his works? I first heard it through a family from Leipsic, who visited me in Florence, and probably through their mediation two of the volumes came to me. But I should like to have the following ones.

—Nothing is easier. You must subscribe.

—With all my heart!

—Your name among the members of the Bach society—that would be too good!

—Bach's portrait in the first volume is splendid, resumed Rossini; there is an extraordinary intellectual power expressed in it. Bach must have also been an eminent virtuoso.

—The most important composers of the present day are happy, when they have learned to play some of his pieces well—he improvised such, said I.

—The like of him is seldom born. Do you bring out many of his works in Germany?

—Not so many as we should—but yet a good many.

—Alas! such a thing is not possible in Italy, and less than ever now, complained Rossini. We cannot, as you do in Germany, collect great choirs of amateurs. Formerly we had good vocal forces in churches and chapels—that is all lost. Even in the Sixtine chapel, since the death of Baini, things have continually retrograded. *Apropos*, how stands it with the controversy about the genuineness of Mozart's *Requiem*? Have they arrived, of late, at any sure results?

—No further than you already know.

—No other man but Mozart made that *Confutatis*, at all events, exclaimed the maestro, singing over the beginning. That is magnificent! And the *sotto voce* at the end! Those modulations! I always had a special partiality for the *sotto voce* in choruses—but in this one, whenever I have heard it, I felt the icy chill creep down my back.—*Pauvre Mozart!*

—In a certain Biography, which concerns you particularly, it is stated that Mozart hardly ever laughed three times in his life. What say you to such nonsense? There are several things said there which you must explain to me. Is it true, for instance, that you asked your old teacher, the padre Mattei, a short time since, whether you yet knew enough to write an opera, and upon his answering in

the affirmative, that you got up and walked away? —Nothing could be less true! I had studied three years at the Lyceum in Bologna, during which time, however, I had to do my utmost to pay for my instruction and support my parents. I succeeded, but it was in a pretty beggarly manner. I accompanied the recitative at the piano at the theatre, and got six paoli a night for it. I had a fine voice, and sang in the churches. Also I composed, besides the exercises which Mattei gave me, here and there a profane piece for a singer to introduce into an opera or sing in a concert; for example, for Zamboni and others, who gave me a trifle for the service. Now when I had toiled through Counterpoint and Fugue, I asked Mattei what he would set before me next. The Plain Chant and Canon was the reply. How much time shall I have to spend on them? About two years. But I was not able to keep on so long, and that I explained to the good Padre, who understood the case very well, and always remained attached to me. I myself have lamented, often enough since, that I had not labored longer under his care.

—You were able to make your way through, even without the canon, said I, laughing. Was Mattei a very able teacher?

—He was excellent with the pen in his hand—his corrections were exceedingly instructive. But he was terribly monosyllabic, and every oral elucidation had almost to be torn from him by force.—Have you seen any of his compositions?

—I have never come across anything of his.

—If you are ever again in Bologna, do not fail to take a look into them at the Lyceum. They are only church music, and the solo passages are not remarkable; but the *pleni*, as we Italians call it, are excellent.

—I must come back to your youthful days, dear maestro. You certainly composed much before you came under the tuition of Mattei?

—A whole opera, *Demetrio e Polibio*, which in the series of my works has always been named later, replied Rossini, because it was first publicly performed, after some other dramatic attempts, four or five years after it was written. I composed it originally for the Mombelli family, without ever knowing that it was an opera. When I had begun my studies with Mattei, I was unable, during the first months, to bring anything more to pass; I trembled at every bass note, and every middle part gave me a little shudder. Afterwards I recovered my early confidence.

—That was very fortunate. Had you begun already in Pesaro to learn music?

—I had left Pesaro in my earliest childhood. My father held the situation there in the Commune of town-trumpeter, he played the horn in the theatre, and all that went on decently enough until the arrival of the French, when he lost his place. My mother, who had a fine voice, availed herself of it to help us out of trouble, and so we left Pesaro. The poor mother! She was not without talent, although she did not know a note. She sang as *orecchiante*, as we call it; that is, altogether by ear. I may say, *en passant*, the same is the case with eighty out of a hundred Italian singers.

—That is inconceivable!

—It is strange. To learn to warble a cavatina after another seems an easy affair; but how these people go to work to learn by heart the middle parts in *ensemble* pieces, is to me quite a puzzle.

—They must be either very musical or very unmusical; but pray, let us come back to yourself, said I, a little impatiently. Where did you begin to learn music?

—At Bologna.

—And with whom?

—A certain Prinetti, of Novara, gave me instruction on the Spinnet. He was a remarkable fellow. He manufactured some sort of *liqueur*, gave a few music lessons, and so worked his way along. He never owned a bed—he slept standing.

—What, standing? You joke, maestro.

—It is precisely as I tell you. At night he wrapped himself up in his mantle, leaned against some corner of an arcade, and so went to sleep. The watchmen knew him and did not disturb him. Then he came at a very early hour to me, pulled me out of bed, which I did not relish much, and set me to playing. Sometimes he had not rested sufficiently, and slept while I worked away upon the spinnet, all the while standing. I took advantage of the opportunity, and crept back into my feather bed. When he woke up and sought me there again, he was pacified by my assurance that I had played my piece through without mistakes during his slumber. His method was not exactly the most modern; thus, for example, he made me play the scale with the thumb and the forefinger only.

—That seems to have hurt you quite as little as your neglect of the canon. But who, besides him, were your first teachers?

—A certain Angelo Tesei taught me how to play figured bass, *l'accompagnamento*, and exercised me in *solfeggi*. A tenor, formerly of some note, Babini, gave me the higher instructions in singing.

—You had a charming voice?

—I sang quite finely as a boy. At that time I went once upon the stage and performed the boy's part in the *Camilla* of Paer. But I did not get beyond that.

—Were any other notable artists among your school-mates at the Lyceum? I inquired.

—The first year which I passed there was the last year of Morlacchi's studies, and my third year was the first year of Donizetti.

—I thought that Donizetti was a pupil of Simon Mayr.

—He had made all sorts of attempts with him, but he received his real musical culture in Bologna. And that he learned something clever, no one will deny.

—Certainly not. But you must tell me a little more of your earliest youth time, dear maestro. I am not easily satisfied in such things.

—Another time, *ciao Ferdinando*. There comes my wife; it is our dinner time. After dinner let us smoke a cigar together!

Rossini sang the beginning of a string Quartet by Haydn. Could a piece be commenced in a more noble manner? What an *abandon*, and what a grace is in this *motive*!

—I do not believe that Haydn in the string Quartet, said I, has ever been surpassed by any composer, not even by Beethoven.

—Charming works indeed are these Quartets, said the maestro with warmth; what a lovely interchange of the four instruments! and what a subtlety in the modulations! All composers of consequence have fine modulations; but those of Haydn always had for me a quite peculiar individual charm.

—Have you already had occasion to hear these compositions in Italy? I asked.

—Already in Bologna, in my boyhood. I had got together a quartet of strings, in which I played the viola as well as might be. The first violinist had at first only a few of Haydn's works, but I kept urging him to procure more and more, so that I gradually became familiar with a considerable number of them. At that time I studied Haydn with peculiar partiality. You should have been present when I directed "The Creation" at the Lyceum in Bologna! In truth I suffered no slip in any performer to escape me, for I knew every note by heart. "The Seasons," too, I studied, as after leaving the Lyceum I was made director of the Philharmonic concerts.

—"The Seasons" are perhaps still richer in invention, than the "Creation," said I. Certainly the text afforded more room for variety.

—It may be so, replied Rossini; but there is a certain higher feeling pervading "The Creation," which makes me prefer it. How splendid is this Air—, and the chorus in B flat,—and the air of Raphael (the maestro sang the beginnings of all these pieces),—and what a wonderful instrumental composition is the *Chaos*! But nothing cleaves to one more deeply, than the impressions of first youth. I knew in Vienna an Italian, Calpani, who, having resided here for many years, had been a great deal in the society of Haydn. He was never weary of telling me about the kind heartedness, the gentleness and modesty of the old master.

—He showed the greatest justice towards others, said I, and declared to Mozart's father, in the simplest words, that he esteemed his son the greatest of all composers.

—He certainly expressed his real thought, and he was right, exclaimed the maestro.

—I have never seen one of his operas, I continued; but, strangely enough, they do not seem to have been of much account.

—I have read them through in Vienna, at the house of a passionate admirer of Haydn, who boasted that he possessed all his compositions, said Rossini. They are insignificant works, in which scarcely a trait here and there reminds you of the great composer. I believe he composed them all at an early age, merely to oblige prince Esterhazy and his singers. Do you know his cantata, *Ariadne*?

—I played it through once, a long time ago, but I have never heard it, and there is nothing remaining of it in my memory, said I, somewhat ashamed.

—Apart from the oratorios, it is to me the dearest vocal composition of Haydn—the Adagio especially is very fine, said Rossini, and he began to sing a considerable piece of it.

—You really know our German masters better than I do, I exclaimed, and I begin to grow jealous of you. Are you as well acquainted, then, with your Italian predecessors?

—I have read through a great deal.

—Have you heard many of Paisiello's operas performed?

—In my young days they had nearly vanished from the Italian stage. Generali, Fioravanti, Paer, but above all Simon Mayr were the order of the day.

—Do you like Paisiello?

—His music passes agreeably by the ear, but neither as regards harmony nor melody is it distinguished, and it has never interested me particularly. His principle was, with a small motive to compose a whole piece—which gave little life and particularly little dramatic expression.

—Did you know him personally?

—I saw him in Naples, after his return from Paris, where he acquired some fortune. Napoleon liked to hear his music, and Paisiello boasted of it in a rather naive manner, telling everybody that the great Emperor was peculiarly fond of his music, because it did not hinder him from thinking about other things. A singular praise! Nevertheless his *soft* music was universally preferred in its day—every epoch has its own peculiar taste.

—Was Paisiello an interesting man?

—His exterior was fine, powerful, almost imposing; but he was shockingly uncultivated and immeasurably insignificant. You should have read a letter of his! I speak not of the hand-writing, nor of the orthography—I can pardon that; but the inaptitude of the expression, the flatness of the thoughts, are beyond all conception! A very different man was Cimarosa,—A fine, cultivated mind. Do you know anything of his?

—The *Matrimonio Segreto*, of course, I answered; also I have read through "The Horatii."

—In the latter there is not much. On the other hand there is an Opera Buffa by him, *Le trame deluse*, which is altogether excellent.

—Better than the *Matrimonio Segreto*?

—Incomparably more important. There is a *Finale* in the second act (it is almost too great for a last *Finale*), which is a genuine masterpiece. Unfortunately the libretto is miserably bad. I also remember an aria in his oratorio, *Isaaco*, in which there is one passage especially which is very striking and dramatic as to harmony. A pure inspiration, for in general, as you know, he was no great harmonist.

—It is difficult with us to obtain the works of these composers, said I. One must go in person and spend a year in Italy for that purpose. The library of the Conservatoire of Naples, especially, must contain extraordinary treasures.

—There is an astonishing quantity stored away there, said Rossini; the collective manuscripts of Cimarosa, too, must be found there. Formerly they were in the possession of the Cardinal Gonsalvi, who cherished a passionate regard for Cimarosa. One could not give him a greater pleasure, than by singing him pieces of his favorite. I did this often during my stay in Rome, and he was truly grateful to me for it.

—And your own manuscripts, maestro,—I fancy, you do not possess many of them?

—Not a note.

—But where in the world are they?

—Heaven knows. I had the right, at the end of a year, to demand them back from the copyist, but I never made any use of it. Some of them may be in Naples; some are in Paris; the fate of the rest is unknown to me.

—Have you not at least preserved your studies with Padre Mattei?

—I had them for many years—but one day when I came back to Bologna, they were no more to be found. Whether they were thrown away, or stolen, or sold for waste paper, I know not.

—You are not perhaps in possession of the engraved scores and piano arrangements of your operas, maestro! said I, laughing.

—What should I want of them? It is years since any music has been made in my house. Shall I study them?

—And the opera, *Ermione*, which one of your biographers says that you have kept mysteriously, to leave it to posterity—how about that?

—It lies with the others.

—You told me formerly about that opera, that you had made it too dramatic, and—it had fallen through.

—And very justly, said Rossini, in a cheerful tone, it was very tedious.

—Does it contain no airs, then, no finales, nothing of all that, with which you always knew how to intoxicate the people?

—You are very kind, said the maestro, ironically, but there was really nothing in it,—all recitative-like and declamatory. I wrote one Cavatina in it for David; the poor fellow had to have something to sing. This has had some circulation, and probably you know it. It begins . . . (and the maestro sang the first motive).

—I have often heard it, without knowing that it was taken from that opera. But here comes General Mo-

net—let us ask him for some explanations in relation to the last telegraphic despatches (from Sebastopol).

—That we will.—Curious music they perform there very strongly instrumented! But when shall we get to the *Finale*?

Music Abroad.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE. As the concert on Saturday was the twelfth and last of the first series for 1868-9 (of which, happily, yet fourteen more remain to be given), we subjoin the programme *in extenso*:

Overture (Prometheus).....	Beethoven.
Song, "Deign, great Apollo (Ruins of Athens).".....	"
Music in the "Tempest".....	A. S. Sullivan.
Song, "Honor and Arms" (Samson).....	Handel.
The Song of Miriam.....	Schubert.
Aria, "Il sonno e bel contento".....	Pacini.
Part-Song, "Sleep, gentle lady".....	Bishop.
Overture (Tannhäuser).....	Wagner.

Nothing could more appropriately have succeeded the overture of Beethoven than the song from a work written by the same composer ten years later. The music for *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus* was produced in 1801, the same year as the so-styled "*Pastoral Sonata*," and the famous string quintet in C; that for *Die Ruinen von Athen* belongs to 1811, also the year of *König Stephan*. In the *Ruinen von Athen*, which preceded by a very short time the great orchestral symphony in A (No. 7), we find its author entirely free from the influence of his illustrious predecessors, Haydn and Mozart. In fact, it was produced in the meridian of what is termed his "second period." The song so carefully given by Signor Foli is an excellent specimen of the work, and could not but be welcome to the lovers of Beethoven.

Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's music to the *Tempest* of Shakespeare came back to us as fresh and attractive as when it was first heard. As piece followed piece, from the opening orchestral prelude to the end, it was pleasant to be able to feel that the praises lavished some years since on this first important production of the young composer had not been indiscriminate. To deny that in writing his *Tempest* Mr. Sullivan was considerably influenced by Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, would serve no purpose. Such is unquestionably the truth; but, deeply impressed as he must have been with that admirable model, he successfully avoided plagiarism. In short, he respected his model so much that he would not appropriate a bar of it. When, therefore, we add that he has produced a work which, notwithstanding the imitations by German composers, &c., during twenty years and more, is worthier to come after *A Midsummer Night's Dream* than any other we could name, we are paying Mr. Sullivan a very high, though, we sincerely believe, a thoroughly well-merited compliment. The orchestral preludes to Acts 1, 2, 4, and 5, have each a distinctive character and each a marked interest; all the incidental music, while the dialogue goes on, is delicately imagined and as delicately wrought out; the dances are piquant, melodious, and full of vigorous life; and it is difficult to award a preference to either the "Banquet Dance," so quaint and sparkling, or to the "Dance of Nymphs and Reapers"—though to the last, which for its salient *ad captandum* qualities is quite equal to the other, may, if only on account of its more varied and extended design, be justly given the palm. It is held by some that where Mr. Sullivan has been least successful is in the setting of Ariel's songs. This may be so, but we confess our inability to recognize it. According to our own impression, they are each and all: "Come unto these yellow sands," "Full fathom five," and "Where the bee sucks," deeply felt and happily illustrated—and this, not forgetting how our young composer had to fight against the reasonable prejudice in favor of those truly English songs for which we are indebted to Purcell, Arne, &c. That Mr. Sullivan has looked at his task from the Mendelssohnian, rather than from what would be regarded as the national, point of view is undoubted; but as the most Shakespearian music in existence is universally allowed to be the music composed by Mendelssohn for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and as the *Tempest* appertains incontestably to the same order of play, we cannot see that Mr. Sullivan is to be blamed. Fine as are their melodies, what Purcell and Arne produced, compared as mere art-work with what Mendelssohn produced, is, it will hardly be denied, of small pretension. And then, the resources of the modern orchestra, which, in the musical illustration of such subjects can be employed to such rich purposes, were no more likely to be disregarded by an aspiring Englishman than by the most imaginative of Germans. Apart from all these considerations, however, the music to the *Tempest* is genuine from one end to the other.

In the course of twelve concerts, the first of which was held on the 31st of October, we have had the *Eroica* and B-flat symphonies of Beethoven; the "Surprise" symphony of Haydn, and the "Parisian" of Mozart; the "Italian" and "Scotch" symphonies of Mendelssohn; Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, with his previously unfinished one in C major, No. 6; and Schumann's No. 3 in E flat. The "Surprise" of Haydn, the No. 6 of Schubert, and the No. 3 of Schumann, as our readers have already been informed, were played for the first time at the Crystal Palace. The symphony of Haydn made every one wish for more from the same inexhaustible store; that of Schubert has put the musical public under a fresh obligation to the spirited directors of the Crystal Palace Company, and to Messrs. G. Grove and A. Manns, their indefatigable representatives in all such matters; while that of Schumann found many admirers, and has advanced the cause of its composer a sure step. Among the overtures and other shorter instrumental pieces have been several novelties, but only one—Herr Ferdinand Hiller's "Concert-overture" No. 2—of any real value. Herr Volkman's *Fest-overture* being but a dry affair, Herr Reinicke's prelude to *King Manfred* a mere question of "mutes" ("sordini"), and the march from Herr Wagner's *Meistersinger* a mystery to the uninitiated. Four of Weber's overtures, three of Beethoven's (including the sublime *Coriolan*), four of Mendelssohn's (including the ever more and more welcome "Trumpet Overture"), one by Mozart, one by Auber, one by Schumann (*Genoève*), and five by Rossini, have been played. Then, in the way of choral music, besides the *Song of Miriam*, we have had (first time) Beethoven's magnificently dramatic *Mount of Olives*, the same composer's Choral Fantasia, and Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*, comprising, not only the *finale* and the "Ave Maria," but the "Vintagers' Chorus," another cause for regret that an opera promising so richly should have been left unfinished. Even now we have left untold the instrumental solos, the novelties among which were Mendelssohn's duet for clarinet and corno di bassetto (posthumous—still in MS.), his organ sonata in B flat, and Bach's great G minor pedal fugue—the first and only instalments of the promised organ performances. Into a retrospect of the vocal music at each of the twelve concerts we cannot possibly enter; nor would our retrospect be likely to meet with many readers, supposing it made. But enough has been said to show that the Crystal Palace Concerts are going on as usual and maintaining their position as the foremost entertainments of their kind in the country. They begin again on the 16th of January, 1869, when Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" is to be repeated, and Herr Joachim is to play Beethoven's violin concerto.—*Times*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. (From the *Times*, Dec. 19). The programme of Monday week drew one of the largest audiences of the season:

Septet, in E flat, Op. 20..... Beethoven.
Song, "Amor nel mio petto" (Flauto)..... Handel.
Sonata in C major, Op. 53, pianoforte..... Beethoven.
Sonata, in D major, for violin, with piano accomp. Corelli.
Songs, "Du bist die Ruh," "Norman's Gesang," Schubert.
Quartet, in G minor, Op. 20, No. 3 (strings)..... Haydn.

The final concert of the ante-Christmas series was held last Monday night. Beethoven's universally admired septet, which, played by Messrs. Straus, H. Blagrove, Lazarus, C. Harper, Wotton, Piatti, and Reynolds (violin, viola, clarinet, horn, bassoon, violoncello, and double bass), had created so lively an impression a week previously, was repeated, and the audience was the most crowded of the present season. This, the 19th performance of the septet at Mr. Chappell's admirable entertainments, is unlikely to be the last by 19 more.

The concert began with an extremely interesting work by Schubert—a quartet in G major, introduced for the first time at St. James's Hall. The quartet in G is a worthy pendant to the one in D minor, which it rivals, if not surpasses in colossal proportions. Both were produced in 1826, two years before the gifted composer's death. What must surprise every attentive hearer is that Schubert occupied scarcely more than ten days (from June 20 to June 30) in writing this quartet, each of the four movements of which is largely designed and elaborately wrought out. The *andante* and the *scherzo*—the former a stream of unceasing melody, the latter as full of humor and spirit as though Beethoven himself had owned it, with a trio the graceful homeliness of which is in Schubert's happiest vein—were the parts most readily and heartily appreciated on the occasion under notice; but we are greatly mistaken if the *allegro moderato*, which opens, and the *allegro assai*, which terminates, the quartet do not, with increasing familiarity, win more and more sympathy. The last in particular, a sort of *tarantella*, with a whole company of themes, one more tuneful, animated, and rhyth-

mical than the other—a movement, by the way, that has something in common with the *finale* of the quartet in D minor, just referred to—is pretty certain to become popular. Such a composition, however, as the quartet in G is not to be wholly grasped in a moment, and, indeed, it would hardly be what it is were no very extraordinary pains needed to study and comprehend it. It doubtless has faults, and, among others, that diffuseness which appears inseparable from Schubert's more ambitious works; but always deeply thought, always melodious, always poetical and original, it has manifold beauties which, in the majority of instances, by no means lie immediately beneath the surface. No published score of the quartet in G exists; and yet a single hearing, even without previous examination, suffices to convince any competent judge that it is a work of exceptionally high character. We believe that we owe its introduction at the Monday Popular Concerts (and it has never before been publicly played in this country) to Herr Ludwig Straus, to whom, in which case, we are doubly indebted, first for his making known so genuine a masterpiece, next for the zealous and thoroughly efficient manner in which he accomplished the difficult task that Schubert, never over conciliating to his players, has in this instance awarded to the first violin. The other performers were Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Blagrove and Signor Piatti, all of whom were well up in their parts, the last playing his part with as much facility as though he had been studying nothing else all his life. The first hearing of an unknown work by Schubert is always looked upon as an event at the Monday Popular Concerts; and the excitement on the present occasion was general. The success of the quartet in G was decided, and Mr. Arthur Chappell has added a new treasure to a repertory, which already could boast of the string quintet in C (too seldom given, by the way), the octet in F, the quartets in A minor and D minor, and the two great trios, to say nothing of solo sonatas for piano-forte.

The pianist at this concert was Miss Agnes Zimmermann, whose "first appearance" was no less successful than that of Mr. J. F. Barnett. Miss Zimmermann's solo was the early sonata of Mendelssohn in E major (Op. 6), the last movement of which she played with great spirit. Her duet was Beethoven's sonata in A, with violoncello (No. 3), in which she had the advantage of being associated with Signor Piatti, who never played more magnificently.

The singer was Miss Cecilia Westbrook, who gave "Know'st thou the land," the song of Goethe's *Mignon*, which Beethoven loved so well and set so beautifully that, if we may believe his fair correspondent, "Bettini," he was in ecstasies with his own music, and, in addition to this, one of Mendelssohn's brightest and most tuneful "spring songs" (*Frühlingslieder*), known in English as "The Charmer," in German, as "Durch den Walden dunkel geh't." Miss Westbrook sang both well, and was accompanied in both to absolute perfection by Mr. Benedict.

The concerts begin again on the 4th of January, when Herr Joachim (his first appearance) is to lead quartets by Mozart and Haydn, and to play with Mme. Arabella Goddard, Beethoven's duet-sonata in G, Op. 96.

COLOGNE. The *London Musical World* has a letter (Dec. 6) from "Our Original" [*quoad linguam vernaculam*] "Correspondent" with the long name, which tells of interesting things in the city of the *heilige drei Könige* and Ferdinand Hiller; for example:

Seldom during my artistic life have I been so deeply and poetically impressed by music, as it was the case at the third Gürzenich Concert on the 17th November last. Three numbers only formed the programme on this occasion, but they were of the most pure and elevated kind, and beautifully rendered. 1, Overture from *Iphigenia in Aulis*; by Gluck; 2, *Suite für grosses Orchester* von Franz Lachner (manuscript, first time of performance) under the direction of the composer himself, and 3, the whole music of Gluck's *Orpheus*.

Of Gluck's music not another word need be said beyond the reiteration of a worn out phrase—that it is sublime; but the way in which it was delivered may be called a musical event. Certainly no one of your readers, acquainted with the fine voice, noble style and exquisite pathos of Mme. Joachim, who sang the part of *Orpheus* on the occasion, will find any exaggeration in my assertion. Capitally supported by Fräulein Scheuerlein (*Euridice*), Fräulein Bockman (*Amor*), and a first-rate chorus and orchestra, under the classical baton of Dr. F. Hiller, Mme. Joachim was very great, both in singing and declamation.

The new *Suite* in five movements was highly successful, especially the *andante*, a *canone* for the viola and the violin, as well as the sparkling *scherzo*. Let

us then once more say, that the music of this great composer, who has been driven away from Munich (where he was general music director at the Royal Opera during great many years) by the Wagnerian Sect, has more chance to become the real music of the future as the so-called "music of the future" itself. Another great musical treat was the first soirée für *Kammermusik*, when Hiller, Königsloew, Japha, Derkum and Rensburg were the performers. Out of a quartet of Schumann (*A minor*) and one of Beethoven (*E major*), we had a *Clavier quartet* (new manuscript) of the inexhaustible F. Hiller, and some little pieces for piano solo from the same pen, played by the composer. This new quartet of Hiller deserves the great success it met with on the said evening, being full of melodious ideas, and masterly written as regards modulations, form, as well as polyphonic combinations. Besides of the first *allegro* and the *scherzo*, which are highly effective, the *andante* is undoubtedly a masterpiece. The audience was exceedingly delighted to hear Hiller play once more after a long silence; and after all he is the noblest and most unaffected classical pianist of the day, possessing the greatest technical skill, like any other modern player, as well as a most delicate touch.

The fourth Gürzenich concert, on the 1st instant, although belonging to the category of "Selection concerts," was a rather interesting one. The programme included: 1, the overture to *Manfred*, by Schumann; 2, the *Concerto* (E flat major) of Beethoven, performed by Herr Carl Tausig; 3, aria and chorus, "Inflammatus," from the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, sung by Fräulein Strauss, from Basel; 4, the symphony (in A major) of Mendelssohn; 5, *Zigeunerleben*, a winter chorus by Schumann, scored by Gredner; 6, *Der Erlkönig* of Goethe, declaimed by Herr F. Haase, the celebrated actor; 7, aria, "Der Königin," "Der Wacht" (the first one in B flat major), from the *Flauto Magico* of Mozart, sung by Fräulein Strauss; 8, a fantasia on *Don Giovanni*, by Liszt, played by Tausig; and, 9, the overture of *Oberon* by Weber. Herr Tausig left us rather cold on performing Beethoven's music, his mental power being more absorbed by technical perfection than transcendental conception. By the same reason, working in a quite opposite sense, he drew the public into a never lasting burst of enthusiasm at the end of the fantasia of Liszt.

DRESDEN. Here are the programmes of two of the Symphony Concerts, which are conducted alternately by Kapellmeisters Rietz and Krebs:

First Concert.

Overture, *Euryanthe*..... Weber.
Sinfonie, "Reformation"..... Mendelssohn.
Overture, *Anaëron*..... Cherubini.
Sinfonie *Eroica*..... Beethoven.

Second Concert.

Overture, *Vestalin*..... Spontini.
Sinfonie No. 3, Es-dur..... Haydn.
Overture, *Otto der Schütz*..... Rudolf.
Sinfonie, No. 4, B-dur..... Beethoven.

The members of the Singacademie lately gave a performance of *St Paul* in aid of the funds for the erection of the Mendelssohn Monument in Leipzig. The solos were sung by Mmes. Hänisch and Nänitz, Herren Schild and Stagemann.—Herr Richard Wagner has arrived, to superintend the getting up of his last opera *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

HAMBURG. The Singacademie, under the direction of Herr von Bernuth, lately gave a performance of Gluck's *Orpheus*. The solos were sung by Mmes. Otto-Alvsleben and Joachim.—Third Philharmonic Concert: Overture to *Anaëron*, Cherubini; Air from *Die Entführung*, Mozart (Mme. Otto-Alvsleben); Violin Concerto, E minor, Spohr (Herr Schröder); Air from *Das unterbrochene Opferfest*, Winter; "Othello Fantasia," Ernst; D-major Symphony, Beethoven.

DESSAU. After the lapse of fifteen years since the death of Friedrich Schneider, a discovery has been made, highly gratifying to the numerous admirers of the deceased *Kapellmeister*. The latter wrote an overture and other music for Schiller's *Brant von Messina*. This music was performed only once, both the score and the parts being consumed when the theatre was burnt down. A lady now steps forward and declares that she possesses the original score, which was given her by the composer. On it is written in Schneider's own hand: "Finished the 30th July, 1817." It is to be hoped that the score will not be again lost for so long.

MUNICH. Herr Franz Lachner's *Catharina Cornaro* has been revived, and Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, as arranged by Herr Richard Wagner. The General Musical Director, Herr Lachner, is expected every day to return from his long absence. All the opponents of the musical tendencies at present predomi-

nant here are delighted, and intend to prove their delight by getting up serenades and torchlight processions in Herr Lachner's honor. The leaders of the New German School have, in consequence of their grasping disposition and arrogance, lost whatever popularity they may once have possessed, and it is generally believed that when the question becomes "Bülow or Lachner," the former, taught by his experience, which is not altogether encouraging, will give way. Even Mlle. Mallinger, the great popular favorite and previous supporter of the new school has proved refractory, and declared that she will no longer sacrifice her voice, and, with it, her future prospects, to the pretensions of Herr R. Wagner and his followers.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 16, 1869.

Music at Home.

Our city has been o'er-full of music since the new year came in. We pity the man who undertook to hear the whole of it; it may be some one did so, on a wager, as now and then a valiant toper seeks immortality in drinking till he burst, or some spread-eagle patriot wheels a barrow from Providence to Boston when his party loses the election,—but of his fate we have not heard. Better wait, if ye have such an appetite for quantity, and, drinking the whole sonorous ocean at a draught, "go up" all together, gloriously, from bandmaster Gilmore's millennial tabernacle, over which, by earthquake shocks of harmony, the heavens, it is presumed, will open right up into the Paradise of Fools, where ye may dwell immortal. During the fortnight, we have had a Mendelssohn Quintette Club, a Symphony Concert, a choice vocal Soirée of Mr. Parker's Club, a mixed Italian and German Opera every night and Saturday afternoon; a couple of Parepa-Rosa concerts, with the "whirlwind" cornet-player, Levy; a couple of Ole Bull concerts, without an orchestra, and two more with one; besides other miscellaneous entertainments, Great Organ noonings, Conservatory matinées of chamber music, &c., &c.

A few notes upon some of these.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The twentieth season (can you realize it?) of these classical Chamber Concerts, to which Boston mainly owes its knowledge of the violin quartets, quintets, &c. of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, &c., (with introductions to more recent men, which have not ripened into much acquaintance), drew an eager and appreciative audience to the Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 5. Two members only of the Club are of twenty years standing, namely WULF FRIES, our admirable cellist, and THOMAS RYAN, viola (and sometimes clarinet). WILLIAM SCHULTZE, as leader, and CARL MEISEL, second violin, have faithfully and ably served for quite a number of years. Mr. E. M. HEINDL, second viola, and flutist unsurpassed, joined them only last year. The sight of them was pleasant and their entrance warmly greeted. The programme was, as always, choice:

Quartet in G, No. 75.....Haydn.
Piano Solos.....Chopin.
Eighth Quartet in E minor, op. 69, No. 2 of the Rescued.
mockery set.....Beethoven.
Piano Quintet in E flat, op. 44.....Schumann.

It was natural to begin with Father Haydn in this time of the revival here (and with so much interest) of his Symphonies. The Quartet in G is the one which used to be heard oftener than any others of the eighty which he wrote, but even

this one has been silent here for several years. It is ever grateful to both ear and soul, a healthy, hearty, happy, genial, yet earnest work; in treatment full of felicities from beginning to end; a "new created whole," all fresh and perfect. The quick movements are in Haydn's best vein, and the Adagio tranquil and deep in feeling, large and broad in harmony, with an open, round sonority, like organ music. It was played *con amore*, clearly and unanimously, and could not but be keenly relished.

Nothing could be in greater contrast to the Haydn, while equally sincere, consistent, masterly, than the E-minor Quartet of Beethoven, which is deeper, greater, stranger in its thoughts, and opens a wondrous spiritual world to one who listens truly. We do not remember that the Club have given it since the season of 1857-8, when they first took it up and played it three times with increasing interest. We know not which of its movements to admire most, nor what to say of either of them: the *Allegro*, whose theme seems caught from a passing breath of air, a zephyr whispering into the ear and gone, but whispering so significantly to the sensitive, imaginative ear that caught it and wove it into such subtle wealth of beauty; the *Adagio*, profoundly brooding; the humorous, fantastic rhythm of the *Allegretto*, in the minor, to which as Scherzo the quaint Russian Theme answers as Trio in the major; or the swift, easy, gliding through the free blue air of the *Finale Presto*. It is very difficult to execute, and was not rendered with perfect purity and grace in every part, and yet on the whole better than any of Beethoven's later quartets have been before, in parts admirably, and so as to hold the audience in rapt attention. It would be good to hear it again.

The pianist was Mr. CARLYLE PETERSILEA, who has lost nothing of his remarkable facility and strength of technique, and who played the Chopin pieces, not with as delicate and fine a sentiment as we have heard them, but intelligently and with a brilliant power. In the grandly effective, glorious old Quintet of Schumann he had ample swing, and the whole work was given, on the part of all the five, with a triumphant verve. As usual, the solemn, slow march movement was the most enjoyed. The dash and splendor of the Scherzo were well kept up, only such unrelaxing strength in the piano part fatigued the sense.

The second of the four concerts (that we should be put upon so short allowance!) will take place Feb. 2.

FIFTH SYMPHONY CONCERT. This appears to have given more unanimous and unalloyed delight than any of its delightful predecessors. The orchestra did the best they have done yet; the solo-playing was of the highest order; the programme, while it contained nothing new, was very choice, and so short that no one was troubled by the thought of having to lose any of the music.

Overture, "Reminiscences of Ossian".....N. W. Gade.
Violin Concerto in D (First movement).....Beethoven.
Mme. Camilla Urso.

Symphony in E flat.....Mozart.
Introduction and Allegro.—Andante.—Minuet.—Finale.
Violin Solo: "Elegie".....Ernst.
Overture, "The Fair Melusina".....Mendelssohn.

The "Ossian" Overture, earliest and most original of the works by which we have known Gade, was better played than anything of the kind that we have had before. (Only the disturbance caused by tardy people in the audience made the softly murmured opening strains inaudible to all but those nearest.

It must have been anything but pleasant to Mr. ZER-RAHN to have the delicate tone-picture, so carefully worked out in rehearsals, blurred and spoiled so rudely.) After the next concert, time being taken for sufficient notice, it is proposed to keep the entrance doors closed during the performance of the first piece). It is a thoroughly romantic Northern overture; a wild, imaginative seashore picture, with the mists of antiquity half veiling, half revealing lovely images, while gigantic shadows of heroic forms stalk past us on the clouds, and the whole air rings and trembles with the bold Vikingir hymn. Ossian's harp this time was replaced by a square piano.

The "Melusina" Overture was equally well played; delicately, with nice outline, and finely blended color of reeds, &c., in the undulating, dimpling watery figures of the opening, and with crisp vigor in the heroic, knightly episode.—The charming E-flat Symphony of Mozart, too,—old friend—was more enjoyable than ever. Such compositions, all instinct with genius, need no artificial modern stimulants, no red pepper of extra brass and new material means of instrumentation to make the listeners captive.

CAMILLA URSO played the first movement of the Beethoven Concerto with such perfect purity of intonation, such fine and vital quality of tone (though of course feminine and delicate rather than broad and manly, as one would ask were Joachim to be the interpreter of Beethoven), such exquisite and finished beauty of execution, that one longed to have her play the other movements. But this lady is a very conscientious artist, and never undertakes to play in public what she has not time to learn by heart and possess herself of thoroughly in every sense. Cold she may seem to some; but to us she plays as if a still, deep fire glowed within; and we believe most hearers felt that she entered into the spirit of the noble composition and took them with her. The only weak point was the long Cadenza, which, though it held the audience spell-bound by her wondrous execution, was made by Vieuxtemps, and obviously not at all such a fantasy as Beethoven could be supposed to have improvised upon his own themes while at the highest moment of the inspiration. Joachim, no doubt, has written a fitter cadenza here. As for the orchestral prelude and accompaniments, so rich and stately, they were remarkably happy in the rendering; the wind instruments were in more perfect tune than usual, and so was the drum, so important here in leading off the theme; and our Conductor must have felt happy.—The *Elegie* by Ernst, which might have seemed a rather hacknied concert piece some years ago when every virtuoso played it, has been little heard of late, and for a sentimental work is one of the best of its kind, not without a certain nobility. At any rate, the admirable manner in which Camilla needed it made it new and captivating.

For the sixth concert, Thursday, Jan. 21, the programme offers: Part I. Gade's other great romantic Overture, "In the Highlands;" Weber's *Concertstück*, for piano, played by Miss ALICE DUTTON; Symphony in D, No. 4, (not the one already played), by Haydn. Part II. Cherubini's overture to *Medea*; Beethoven's short and sunny Symphony in F,—not the Pastoral, but No. 8.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER'S VOCAL CLUB. The first of the two concerts, to which this rare choir of amateurs annually invite their friends, took place on Monday evening, Jan. 4, at Chickering Hall, and was, as usual, repeated on the following Monday. The Club now numbers eight to ten voices on each part, the very best that could be found perhaps in Boston. The singers are all loyal and devoted, counting this Monday evening practice among their paramount engagements; and now, after some half a dozen years of careful drill together, they have attained a rare perfection in ensemble singing. We know of no organization in our city, great or small, vocal or instrumental, whose

performance is so satisfactory. So many clear, bright, never harsh sopranos; such a warm, sunset purple haze of rich contraltos; so many smooth, true, telling tenors, and such a round compact mass of mellow, manly basses, we do not hear elsewhere. And Mr. Parker, while he plays the often difficult accompaniment on the piano, has trained them to rare unity, precision, and a nice observance of all points of light and shade. Alike in technical execution, in sonorous effect, and in expression, here is a model of good chorus and part singing.

The programme was choice, as it has always been. First came a bit of tenor recitative: "And there were shepherds abiding in the field" (of wonderful expression, even more so than Handel's), followed by a Choral, from Bach's Christmas Oratorio. This was heard here for the first time; and so was the next piece, "The 125th Psalm," by Ferd. Hiller, for Tenor Solo and Chorus: "All they that trust in Thee, shall be as Mount Zion, which may not be removed." . . . "Round Jerusalem stand the mountains; even so the Lord," &c., ending with "But peace shall be upon Israel." The idea of enduring, all-encompassing support is grandly conveyed in the first part; the warning to the "evil-doers" is stern and appalling; and the final strain of Peace is lovely music. The solos were sung in good voice and style by the younger WINCH.

A couple of well contrasted songs by Schumann: "Du bist wie eine Blume" and the impassioned, thrilling "Er, der herrlichste von Allen," were sung with much beauty of voice and execution by Miss GATES, who sang this season in *Elijah*. A couple of new four-part songs by Mr. PARKER: "The lily closes its chalice, afloat on the river's breast," and Tennyson's "Bugle Song," were both singularly, delicately true to the spirit of the verses, and seemed to us quite beyond anything that Mr. P. has hitherto produced. The parts are interwoven with most graceful skill, while all is calculated for the best vocal effect, which it certainly received, for the little pieces were sung *con amore* and had to be repeated. In the first one, at the thought of "the wind of the west singing lullabies o'er her," a fifth voice, an obbligato high soprano, comes in softly and with beautiful effect. In the other, the spirited bugle strain, and the mystical "echoes, dying, dying," are happily contrasted.

A new Hymn by Mendelssohn, for Alto Solo (modestly and yet effectively sung, in rich tones tremulous with feeling, by Miss RAMETTI), and Chorus, a short strain of devout trust and gratitude, was readily enjoyable and truly noble. Two more part-songs: "Vale of Rest" and "Early Spring," by Mendelssohn, were sung to a charm; and then a wild, grand song by Franz: "Das Meer erstarrt" and the "Spring Song" (of his latest set, in A), were given with such voice and power and fervor as only Mrs. HARWOOD has.

After a pause, the principal novelty of the winter's study: "A Finale from the unfinished opera, *Loreley*," (Soprano Solo and Chorus), by Mendelssohn, concluded the feast. Choirs of Spirits, hailing each other from the Rhine, the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, the air, the steeps, the deeps, &c., and whose strains are marvellously imaginative, varied and suggestive, overhear the lamentation of the deserted Leonora, and offer to give her vengeance, by endowing her with fatal "beauty, grace irresistible," &c. Wonderfully impressive, though simple, is the passage where, when she asks: "Tell me, ye terrible rulers, tell me the price of this death-dealing power," they pledge her to wed the Rhine. The part of the maiden, a very exacting one, was sung in her best voice and with unmistakable dramatic *verve* and truth by Miss ANNA WHITTEN. There is another fragment of the *Loreley*, a Chorus of Vintagers, which we hope we may hear some time.

We did hope to speak of "FIDELIO," twice given lately, by the German half of Mr. Maretzke's Opera troupe, and which, with any chance of even tolerable performance, we never mean to miss if we can help it—and it was certainly more than tolerable this time; but we must leave it for the present, having no room left either for that, or the miscellaneous virtuoso concerts named above.

CORRECTION. In our last, speaking of the Oratorios, we made a queer blunder, mechanically saying the opposite of what we knew and meant. Not a little were we startled, on opening our paper after it was printed, to find that we had made the pitch of the Organ *higher* instead of lower than the common pitch of our orchestral instruments. But even Jove sometimes nods!

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, DEC. 14.—The concert season at the Conservatoire began yesterday, the selections performed at the first concert being as follows:

Symphony en fa. Gouvy.
98 Psalme. Mendelssohn.
Adagio du Septuor. Beethoven.
Choeur des Pelerins du Tannhäuser. Wagner.
Symphonie en ut majeur. Beethoven.

The performance of a Symphony by an unknown(?) composer is an innovation almost unparalleled in the annals of the Conservatoire. In this instance, however, the merits of the composition are such as to justify the Committee in their departure from the established custom.

The Symphony is of the Mendelssohnian genre, and consists of an Allegro, Scherzo, Larghetto and Final. The subject is finely treated; the instrumentation is masterly, and we find none of that trickery with horns and cymbals, to which our modern composers so often resort, for the purpose of concealing a lack of ideas. The influence both of Beethoven and Mendelssohn is plainly visible in the composition, and there are several passages which are worthy of either of these masters. The interest is well sustained except in the scherzo, which seemed somewhat diffuse, as though the composer were writing "against time."

This Symphony was coldly received by an audience which is proverbially critical and exacting. It has been very justly observed, that in order to succeed at the Conservatoire it is necessary to be dead. M. Gouvy lacks that important qualification.

The execution of the two Symphonies and of the Septuor was—need it be said—perfect. The last mentioned was played by two clarionets, two horns, and two bassoons, with "tous les instruments à cordes."

The choruses were also rendered in a manner which left nothing to be desired. In the 98th Psalm the singers numbered (as nearly as I could judge) 50, but owing to the acoustic properties of the Salle, the effect was that of a far greater number. The "Choeur des Pelerins" was encored.

At the 1st Popular Concert of the 2nd Series, Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, Weber's *Oberon* Overture, and Beethoven's 3d Overture to *Leonora* were performed. A. A. C.

NEW YORK, JAN. 4.—On Tuesday evening, Dec. 29, there was a concert of "Glees and Madrigals" at Steinway Hall. The solos and choruses were taken by some of the best professional and amateur talent in this city, and the result was an entertainment of remarkable excellence and interest. Mr. S. P. Warren presided at the organ, Mr. E. J. Connolly at the piano, and the whole performance was conducted by Dr. Brown.

Particularly interesting were a quaint madrigal (C. Festa—1541) called "Down in a flowery vale," which was most charmingly sung by the chorus of 57 voices; Mendelssohn's hymn "Hear my prayer" (Psalm 55) sung by Mrs. G. W. Brown and chorus; and a quartet "Dorothy," a Swabian melody harmonized. This latter was exquisitely done, and was very earnestly encored.

Mrs. E. C. Eustaphie sang—in a quiet, unassuming, and careful manner—a ballad, "My heart is over the sea," and, in reply to a recall, "Nothing else to do." Mrs. E. has a voice of exceptional purity and sweetness, and has the great, and unusual merit of singing in tune.

Mr. S. P. Warren gave two organ solos which were partially inaudible, owing to the rudeness of the audience, which persisted in a very loud buzz and hum of talk and laughter.

Miss Hutchings did well in her solo (in itself not pleasing) and it is evident that she has studied faithfully since last season.

The piano accompaniments were, I regret to say, not excellent. The audience was a very large one. The programmes, little pamphlets of eight pages, were exquisitely gotten up, and were the subject of much admiration.

Mr. Thomas's 6th Sunday Evening Concert possessed these (among other) attractions:

Overture, "Ossian". Gade.
Scherzo et Capriccio. Mendelssohn.
Krakowiak, Rondo de Concert, op. 14. Chopin.
[Mr. J. N. Pattison and Orchestra].
Scene de Ballet, "Prophète". Meyerbeer.
Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor". Nicolai.
Reverie. Vieuxtemps.

Mrs. Farnsworth was the vocalist upon this occasion, and she sang Schubert's *Ave Maria* and an aria from *I Puritani* in a somewhat hard and nasal style. In the Chopin Rondo Mr. Pattison did not do himself justice, for his playing was quite unequal and his left hand failed, occasionally, to do all that was expected of it. As regards the orchestral pieces, all were good and were quite well played; but it seems poor taste to arrange piano pieces for orchestra when they are manifestly unfitted for such an arrangement: I refer to the Mendelssohn Scherzo. F.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 6.—Last night the Harmonic Society gave their first concert of the season with the following programme:

Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream". Mendelssohn.
Scene from the Oratorio, "Naaman". M. Costa.
a. Chorus—"The Curse of the Lord."
b. Rec. and Aria—"The Seed shall be Prosperous."
Prof. H. J. Smith.
c. Chorus—"Praise the Lord."
Nocturne from "Midsummer Night's Dream". Mendelssohn.
Concert Aria. Mrs. DeRoode Carriek.
Duet, "The Parting". Donizetti.
Miss Josie Jones, Prof. H. J. Smith.
Fantasia for Horn. Cossari.
Mr. H. Sihroekel.

Cantata, "Hymn of Praise". Mendelssohn.
Solos, by Mrs. DeRoode Carriek, Miss Josie Jones and Mr. F. Helmkamp.

The Chorus was not as large as in former seasons and was rather weak in the basses, who used to be very powerful with this Society; but they have even now the materials for a very fine chorus. Some lack of force and character, which most of the choral performances in this concert showed, might, I think, be easily remedied with a little more careful drilling. The last choruses in the "Hymn of Praise," which went the best and gave great satisfaction, showed what the Society have it in their power to accomplish. But in my opinion the directors deserve some positive blame for the poor arrangement of the first part of the concert, which left the audience in a miserable condition for enjoying the second part.

In the first place the selection of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture for the opening was not judicious, as the Orchestra generally does not play this Overture well enough, and also, because this and the following number for the Orchestra ought to have been works by different composers instead of both by Mendelssohn, both for contrast's sake and in consideration of the performance of the Cantata by the same composer in the second part. Next, the chorus from *Naaman*, "The Curse of the Lord," is very poorly adapted to an introduction, while it would prove very attractive in the latter part of a concert, and thus it passed by with little effect. The most remarkable feature was, however, the ending the whole part of a concert by a large choral Society with a fearfully sentimental and long-winded solo for Horn! For this astonishing arrangement the perpetrators, I think, ought to blush and to apologize to the Society.

The second part of the concert, to our great comfort, made one forget what had passed before. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" is a most beautiful

work, which it was a great treat to hear again, and which is particularly well adapted to the capacity of the Harmonic Society. x.

NEW YORK, JAN. 11.—On Monday and Tuesday evenings Ole Bull gave concerts in Steinway Hall, assisted by Miss Barton (contralto) of Boston, Mr. G. F. Hall, Mr. J. H. Wilson (pianist), recently from the Leipzig Conservatory, and by an orchestra of about 40 under the direction of Carl Bergmann.

Herr Bull played a Concerto by Mozart, and did it admirably; this was well; he also played as an encore (after one of his solos) the "Arkansas Traveler," with which he disgusted us last winter; this was not well, and such a selection was unworthy of a respectable artist. Herr Bull played the Concerto from memory. His reception, on Monday evening particularly, was very cordial.

Miss Barton sang very beautifully the *Rinaldo* Aria by Handel, which Miss Phillips gave us at the Philharmonic. Her voice is full, rich, and musical, and her vocalization excellent. She made a most favorable impression.

Mr. James H. Wilson is a very fair mechanical pianist, but unfortunately *sentiment* appears to have been omitted from his organization.

In lieu of the splendid, full-toned instruments to which the habitués of Steinway Hall are accustomed, a grand piano "constructed upon entirely new principles by Mr. Ole Bull," was used. It possessed a hard, wiry tone, and the action was evidently hard and stiff.

On Friday evening Mme. Parepa-Rosa made her appearance in concert for the first time this season (in New York); her assisting talent included Carl Rosa, Brookhouse Bowler (tenor), Ferranti (baritone), and Mr. Levy, the great cornet à piston performer.

Mme. Parepa sang, for her first solo, the Scena from *Der Freischütz*, and, as an encore, a pretty ballad "Forget me not,"—both in her own unequalled way. Her voice seems to have lost none of its original freshness and purity, and a very large audience applauded her, as usual, to the echo.

Herr Rosa's intonation was faulty, and his double note passages scrappy; evidently he had not improved, artistically. Mr. Levy, who accompanied Mme. Parepa to this country in 1865, achieved a genuine success by his marvellous rapidity of execution. His principal solo was "Rode's Air, with variations."

Messrs. Ferranti and Bowler acquitted themselves creditably, and Mr. Colby played the accompaniments with unusual ability. A second (and "positively the last") Parepa concert will be given next Friday evening with an entire change of programme.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 9th, our 2nd Philharmonic concert occurred at the Academy of Music. This was the programme:

Symphony, B flat, No. 9. (Litolff's Ed.).....Haydn.
1st movement from Violin Concerto.....Beethoven.
"Camilla Urso."
Overture, "Semiramide".....Catell.
5th P. E. Concerto, Op. 73. E flat.....Beethoven.
S. H. Mills.
Symphonic Poem, "On the Mountain".....Liszt.

The Haydn Symphony was very pleasant from its spontaneity and unassuming simplicity; the agreeable feature of both Haydn's and Mozart's symphonies is the apparent absence of any art, and the fact that one can almost believe it to be an easy thing for "us moderns" to write in the same style.

The Catell Overture was played at Mr. Thomas's 1st Symphony Soirée, and my opinion of it, as then expressed, has undergone no change. The Liszt nondescript was humanely placed at the end of the programme, and was of course heard by comparatively few people. The "poem" possesses all Liszt's defects, and none, or nearly none, of his few excellencies; it is the very essence of turgidity, and is thoroughly chaotic in form, or in the lack of any form.

Mme Urso rendered the first movement of Beethoven's only Violin Concerto (played by Theo. Thomas at the 5th concert last season) in a magnifi-

cent manner. Her intonation (her peculiar excellence) was almost faultless, and her execution was wonderfully clear, smooth and even. The delighted audience insisted (despite the Philharmonic rules) upon an encore, and at last, after persistent and universal applause, Mme. U. re-appeared, and played most beautifully Ernst's "Elegie."

Mr. Mills played the superb Beethoven Concerto, called "The Emperor" by the Germans, in his habitual masterly style, and maintained his well established reputation as one of our very best and most reliable performers of concerted music. To excel in this line there are required: accurate taste, self-possession, and a faultless technique. Mr. M. possesses all these.

The audience was an immense one, and was, down stairs, a decorous one; in the third gallery, however, the talking, laughing, flirting, and boorish rudeness were simply disgraceful. I regret to say that upon the fair sex rests the responsibility of three-fourths of this absolutely "hoggish" behavior.

Mr. Theo. Thomas gave his 7th Sunday Concert last evening. Miss Sheek (the tragedienne) made her second appearance, and Mr. J. N. Pattison played two piano solos in a style eminently his own. The programme (orchestral) included the "Introduction to the 5th Act of King Manfred" by Reinecke, and Nicolai's Overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor." F.

MUSICAL JOURNALISM. "AN OP. 1." The London *Musical World* (to which our readers also owe so much), announcing the completion of its forty-sixth volume, and the thirty-second year of its life, thus alludes to its first number:

That modest sheet is now before us, and a look through its pages is like reading an obituary. Even a journal itself in its then form, and as then published, edited, and priced, has passed away. On the eighteenth day of March, 1836, Mr. J. Alfred Novello offered to the public sixteen pages (demi-octavo) of printed matter for threepence, and thus "The Musical World, a Weekly Record of Musical Science, Literature and Intelligence," was ushered into being. On the first of those pages is the name of a dead and gone celebrity; Samuel Wesley having led off with a "Sketch of the State of Music in England from the year 1778 up to the Present." Thence onward we read little save epitaphs. Mr. Cornelius Field's Concerts, Quartet Concerts, and Chamber Concerts (all dead); a concert of the (dead) order called Ancient, directed by a (dead) Archbishop of York; Vocal Concerts (dead) attended by the (dead) Duchess of Kent—these are the things recorded in the list of current events. More of a like sort follows. We are told of doings at the "King's Theatre" by Coleoni-Corti and Cartagena, whose names most of our readers see now for the first time. We are told also that Spohr "will visit England this year," and that a "great musician"—one Mendelssohn in point of fact—"is putting the last touch to his sacred oratorio of 'The Conversion of St. Paul,'" a work described as "in the severe Handelian school." Lastly, we come upon certain criticisms of an opera just previously brought out in Paris, afterwards to be known everywhere as *The Huguenots*. Then follow five pages and a half of advertised music, a good deal of which is now as extinct as anything else in the number. *Sic transit, indeed, and of a truth.*

The *Musical World* came just in time to witness and record the popularization of music. By the same movement it may also have profited, if the reception given to No. 1 be any criterion. That fortunate sheet ran through two editions—a happy augury of the vitality which is strong as ever even after the wear and tear of forty-six volumes. In the dissemination of musical knowledge and taste among the masses this journal took an active part. It had a share in transforming music from a luxury into a necessity, from the plaything of the few into the comfort and solace of the many. What an amount of work and resulting success its pages record! Reading them one sees again "the little one become a nation, and the small one a strong city." Its earliest pages tell of embryo festivals in Exeter Hall, and its latest of giant gatherings in the Crystal Palace, where each "part" is a brigade, and the whole chorus an army. Between these two extremes lie more than thirty years of effort. We are entitled, therefore, to claim a past unique among English musical journals. Our contemporaries can only say, "Others have labored, and we have entered into their labors."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- The Cup of Tea. (Couplets du Thé.) 2. Eb to g. "Genevieve." 30
Quite pretty, and is a pleasing tribute to the cup which "cheers but does not intoxicate."
Watch and pray. S'g, Duet and Cho. 3. F to f. Wellmann. 35
Nice sacred piece. Fine title.
Through the Jessamine. 2. C to f. Claribel. 30
Pretty love song, where the lady appears to advantage among the sprays of the jessamine.
I'm an Alsatian. (Je suis Alsattienne) Duet. 3. A to a. "Lischen and Fritchen." Offenbach. 75
A very spirited and pleasing duet, in which the English words continue throughout, but the foreign words are the "Alsatian" mixture of French and German.
Girls of New England, God bless them. 2. C to e. H. Paul. 30
An enthusiastic eulogy of "the nearest, the dearest" girls in this part of the country, who deserve every word, and every note. Capital concert song.
Beautiful Bells. S'g and Cho. 2. Eb to e. Wellmann. 35. With portrait. 50
A favorite concert song. One edition has a fine portrait of Miss Lydia Thompson.
Sweet Colilla. S'g and Cho. 2. G to f. Turner. 30
Pretty ballad, with a novel name.
Love's Adieu. (Volslied.) 3. Eb to f. "Lorelie." 30
Sweet parting song.
Bird of Passage. 2. F to f. Wrighton. 30
Simple and very pleasing. Good for a school song.
A Kiss for your thought. 3. A to e. Arditi. 35
Perfectly charming.
The Love-Star. (Liebesbote.) 4. Db to g. Kücken. 50
Fear not, my child! (Beruhigung.) 4. E to e. Abt. 35
Two German gems of pure lute. Both highly wrought. The words of the last are in the vein of "above the clouds is the sun still shining." Both require study, but reward it.
I love thee. (T'amo.) 3. Eb to e. Guglielmo. 30
Also of a high order, and more Italian in character.
The three Cousins. (Trois cousines.) 3. G to g. "La Perichole." 40
The Maid and Muleteer. (La muleteer.) 3. E to e. "La Perichole." 40
Two wide-awake pieces from Offenbach. The first is a sort of dialogue trio, but may be sung as well by one voice, and the second is a merry duet, in which "rot, trot" breaks in very curiously.
Up in a balloon. Leybourne. 35
When a man's a little bit poorly. Blewitt. 30
The upper ten. Pratt. 30
Very merry comic songs.

Instrumental.

- Serenade and Gensdarmes duet. 4. G. Wels. 50
Very spirited rendering of "Genevieve" melodies.
Tommy Dodd. Galop. 3. G. Lyle. 30
Spirited galop. Includes melody of "Late lamented Jones."
Golden Rain Nocturne. 4. Eb. Cloy. 35
Beautiful. Something in the style of the "North-east Pearl" by the same composer.
"Les Bavards." Galop. 2. F. Knight. 30
" " Waltz. 3. D. " 30
" " Lancers. 3. " 40
Favorite melodies from the opera above named.
"La Vie Parisienne." Galop. 3. D. Knight. 30
" " Polka. 3. G. " 30
Airs from another gay opera.
"La Perichole." Quadrille. 3. Arban. 40
Favorite airs from a third opera, all three being by Offenbach.
Velocepede Galop. 3. Bb. Hart. 30
Very spirited. Picture of the new sensation on the title.
Cheerfulness. Waltz rondo. 3. F. Gumbert. 50
Arranged by Pratt, and is very pleasing. Something in the style of "Il Barco."
Evening Zephyrs. (Abendhaefchen.) 3. C. Oesten. 40
Very light and graceful, with arpeggios, &c.
Carnival de Plantation. 3. Eb. Engelbrecht. 35
Very sweet melody.
Skating Rink Waltz. 2. F. Turner. 30
Here we slide! Good waltz to skate to.
Rayons dorées. (Golden Rays.) Polka. 6. Db. Ward. 60
Not so easily learned! But a splendid exhibition or concert piece.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, E flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

